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"LIBERTY OR DEATH."

PRAIRIE CITY, K. T., AUG. 19, 1858.

[From the Minnesota Statesman.]

Dr. Charles Lieb.

This scape-grace came into Kansas and squatted at Leavenworth City, in the fall of '55 or early in '56, purporting to have originated in Pennsylvania. His pretended devotion to the Free State party was boundless in extent, and he seemed willing to go farther than the most ultra Abolitionists in not only making Kansas free, but in bitter invectives against Frank Pierce's Administration and the patent Democracy of the day.

His fruitful imagination projected divers and sundry methods of ridding ourselves of Border Ruffians from Missouri, and the Southern States, as also obnoxious appointees of the Federal Government.

After setting on foot numerous programmes, a portion of which have become subject matter of *expose* in the *Halls of Congress*, he left Kansas, as he averred, to canvass Pennsylvania and other States, to *right the people thereof*, as to this intricate, complicated plot or imbricatio which had been gotten up against an innocent and almost defenceless people.

We soon hear of this scape-grace, mis-representing our citizens, their cause and their purposes. Failing to receive the nomination for Delegate to Congress from Kansas, he becomes our enemy as far as brains and obsequy would permit him, and assumed the paternal guardianship of a little 6 by 8 coffee bag campaign sheet in Chicago, called the *Bugle*, through which he assisted in blowing into power the greatest of all Pro-Slavery Administrations.

For this disinterested benevolence on the part of Charles Lieb, M. D., Mr. Buchanan gives him the appointment of Mail Agent for the State of Illinois.

With a free "pass" over all the Railroads of the State, he goes from point to point, threatening Post Masters, and other office holders, with political decapitation if they refuse to swallow "Levinpton," the "English Bribe," and all other abominations of an abominable, corrupt and disgraceful Administration. He claims to speak from authority, and in this light is looked upon as a special emissary of old Buck, to assist in the "crushing out" of every prominent man in Illinois, who in the least favors the doctrine "that the people of Kansas shall be permitted to mould their domestic institutions in their own way."

This M. D. should be passed around; and we hope our brethren of the Press will see to it that our hands are washed of this twitching, snuffling, nervous, Bugle-horn blusterer of the Democratic Slaveocracy.

Curtain Quarrels.

This Hartford *Free Press* gives the following synopsis of a case which occurred at Bristol, Connecticut:

"A man—call him Smith—went to bed, and wanted his bedroom door left open. His wife thought the weather cool enough to shut it. She went to bed about an hour after, but before the dispute was settled he pinched her. They both went to sleep, and the next day she went home to her father. She complained to the grand jury, and Smith was fined six dollars and costs. Smith appealed to the Superior Court. His defense was, that she threw her leg this way and hit a boil from which he was suffering, and that he merely struck out to save himself. Two lawyers on each side were engaged.

Questions Answered.

The Nebraska *Post*, under the above caption, says:

A few days since, we received a letter from a friend at the East, making inquiries in regard to our Territory, from which we clip the following questions, and append the answers:

'What kind of country do you live in?'

'Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water.'

'What kind of weather?'

'Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally in the day time.'

'Have you plenty of water and how is it got?'

'A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whisky.'

'Is it hard?'

'Rather so when you have to go half a mile, and wade in mud knee-deep to get it.'

'What kind of buildings?'

'Allegoric, Ionic, Anti-caloric, Log and Slabs. The buildings are chiefly out doors, and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof.'

'What kind of society?'

'Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed.'

'Any aristocracy?'

'Nary one!'

'What do your people do for a living, mostly?'

'Some work, some laze around, one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whisky.'

'Is it cheap living there?'

'Only five cents a glass, and the water thrown in.'

'Any taste for music?'

'Strong. Buzz and buck saws in in the day time, and wolf-howling and cat-lighting nights.'

'Any Pianos there?'

'No; but we have several cowbells, and a tin pan in every family.'

'Any manufactures?'

'Every household. Our children are all home productions.'

'What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there to obtain a living?'

'Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal, or, if hard pinched, buy and sell town property.'

'Are your people intelligent?'

'Some know everything that happens and some things that do not.'

'Would they appreciate a well bred family of sons and daughters?'

'Certainly. Great on blooded stock; would take them to our text Territorial Fair, and exhibit them.'

Dear friend, your questions are answered. Bring on your well bred stock, and make your home with us.

"You've Out-traveled Me."

You have often heard, but perhaps never ventured to publish a good yarn on Dr. Thompson, of Atlanta, a generous, good man, tip-top landlord and wit; but he certainly caught it once. A traveler called very late for breakfast; the meal was hurriedly prepared. Thompson, feeling that the "feed" was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the eater, who worked on in silence, never raising his head beyond the allusive influence of his fork, or by any act acknowledged even the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather 'flea'd' the Doctor, who changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his vest arm holes, expanded his chest by robbing the room of half its air, and said: "Now, Mister, do durn me if I hain't made all the apology necessary, an' more too, considering the breakfast and who gets it, and now I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, worse tasted, worse looking, and a h—ll of a sight smaller breakfast than this is, several times." The weary, hungry one meekly laid down his tools, swallowed the bite in transit, placed the palms of his hands together, and modestly looking up at the vexed and fuming landlord, shot him dead with the following words, viz: "Is what you say true?" "Yes, sir," came with promptness. "Well, then, I'll be d—d, hoss, if you haint out-traveled me." There was posted in the front door a small nigger, especially to tell the wayfaring man "dat he didn't owe nothin dar, sartin sure." After he was fairly under way, Thompson was observed creeping from an attic window, taking a prolonged rear view of the steed and his rider, with a four foot telescope. It has been intimated that the Doctor hesitated many seconds between the choice of a glass and a double barrelled shot gun.

Tomb Whitewashing.

Now that Virginia has ceased to produce any great men, and has substituted the demon of Slavery as her tutelary saint in place of the goddess of Liberty, she takes as naturally as the Pharisees and Sadducees of old to the business of whitewashing the tombs of her dead prophets. While the Court of Appeals is busy in upstating the law of the State as established by their predecessors, on the avowed ground that it has become the policy of Virginia to make slavery perpetual, her Legislature is engaged in erecting a costly monument to the man who avowed to all his correspondents that "it was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery might be abolished by law." The removal of the bones of Monroe from their resting place in this city is another tribute of honor paid to the dead relics of a man whose living sentiments on the subject of slavery would subject anybody bold enough now-a-days to avow and maintain them, to a coat of tar and feathers, or at least to expulsion from the Ancient Dominion. While the Virginians drive the living Underwoods from their State, they bring back the dead Monroes. Monroe was educated in the same school with Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson and Madison, and, like them, was a decided Abolitionist. It was while he was Governor of Virginia that the project of the Colonization Society was first started, and the Society, put into operation while he was President, was warmly aided and supported by him on the express ground of opening a door to the abolition of slavery in Virginia. It is perhaps only natural in the Virginians to bring back the bones of their illustrious dead; but it would be better if they would revive a little of their spirit.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Valuable Information.

The width of the United States is 2,650 miles. Its length is 2,600. Area of square miles 2,936,108. Coast, line of rivers and lakes, 15,204.

It has 32 States, of which 17 are free and 15 slave States, and seven Territories.

Its population is 23,180,876, of which there are 13,349,740 free at the North; and in the South, 6,221,518, and 3,204,313 slaves; there are also 427,805 free persons of color.

The area of square miles of the St. Lawrence basin is 130,000.

Atlantic slope, basin of square miles is 410,000.

Pacific slope, basin of square miles is 600,000.

Mississippi Valley, basin of square miles is 1,200,000.

Texas slope, basin of square miles is 280,000.

Utah slope, basin of square miles is 280,000.

Red river of the North, basin of square miles is 20,000.

Area of the North in square miles is 61,897.

Area of the Territories in square miles is 1,500,025.

Number of miles of railroad, 22,000.

River and lake navigation, 19,720 miles.

Clergymen in a Ball-Room.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, writing from Atlanta, Logan county, Illinois, thus describes the singular termination of the Fourth of July ball in that town: "It appears that the managers, several days since, sent special invitations to the ministers of the various churches in town to attend the dance, thinking to have a good laugh to themselves over it; but, to the surprise of those present, after the hall had got under full headway, four of the aforesaid ministers made their appearance in the hall, and soon were mingling with the by-standers. The "set" being through, the announcement was made that the ministers, having been solicited to attend, desired that a portion of the time should be set apart for them, which was acceded to. Then commenced the religious exercises of the ball! One preached, another prayed; and another struck up a good hymn; when the dancers, seeing what turn matters were likely to take, ordered the musicians to proceed, and began the dance again, leaving the ministers to do their own singing, and make their exit the best way they could."

When thou art buying a horse or choosing a wife," says the Tuscan proverb, "shut thine eyes, and commend thyself to God."

Free vs. Slave Labor.

Lord Brougham, in his speech at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, adduced a fact, upon undeniable authority, which completely explodes the statements put forth by the opponents of the West India emancipation, that sugar cannot be cultivated at a remunerative profit without slave labor. The authority was a letter from the Hon. F. Hincks, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, and now Governor General of the Windward Islands, and the fact referred to was that an estate in the Island of Barbadoes, which was sold in 1833, under the impression that sugar-growing could no longer be successfully prosecuted, is now producing by free labor three times as much sugar as it did then, and has lately been sold at an enormously enhanced price. Such facts as these are held by his lordship to prove that the results of free labor are as beneficial to the proprietor of the soil as to the laborer, the greatly increased value of the estate sufficiently showing that the augmented productiveness of the estate had not been brought about by an expenditure which left no profit.

Prejudice Against Color.

In a recent speech in parliament, Lord Brougham told the following anecdote in illustration of the folly of prejudice against color:

"Lord Lyndhurst gave me a short time since an anecdote of a gentleman who had connected with the Hague, and who, on one occasion, received an invitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman, a negro proprietor of a large estate, where he was received with the utmost hospitality and treated elegantly. He said he was rather entertained, when, after dinner was over, his colored host said that he was a man without any prejudice whatever, and that whenever he found a person, honest, honorable and respectable in every point of view, he held out the hand of fellowship to him even though his color were as white as that table cloth."

In other words, the Sable Cuban considers "a white man as good as a negro, if he only behaves himself."

A Model Letter.

A returned Californian recently told us an amusing story of letter-writing. He said many of the miners are very illiterate, and to write a letter is quite a formidable task. On one occasion a young man, in crossing a mountain, had become lost and perished in the snow. The cayota, an animal of that vicinity, attacked the body, and when found, the head had been entirely eaten off. A friend of the young man, who knew his family, was told by the other miners that it was his duty to write to the father of the deceased an account of his death. After some objections for want of practice in such undertakings, he concluded to devote the next afternoon to it. At night he produced his letter, saying he had done the best he could, and thought it told the story. His letter was as follows:

"DEAR MAJOR.—The kiotas have eat your son's head off."

Yours, HENRY BOOCHER."

Beans for Soup.

To provide an excellent dinner, healthful, palatable and nutritious, take a pint of beans, with one gallon of water and a beef bone. Boil all together (adding a few potatoes, if convenient), until the beans become soft, adding salt and pepper to suit the taste, and the dinner is ready. Such a dinner costs next to nothing, and will rest easier upon the stomach than venison steaks, quail or partridge, washed down with champagne. A piece of beef thrown into the pot, will give a pretty good flavor to the soup, porridge, or such a dish as I have named. But if you want the genuine flavor, use bones, such bones as are usually thrown away. There is a flavor obtained from the bones which is not given from solid meat.

We learn from a gentleman in town yesterday, that there were no less than thirty families from Iowa, on their way to southern Kansas, and that they are only a few miles north of this city. The emigration from Iowa to South Kansas is uncommonly large this season, but the best feature of all is the fact that this emigration is composed entirely of families, moving out with their plows, cattle, horses, children, and household effects.—*Kansas City Journal.*

Doctors never differ on the subject of bleeding their patients.

Western Etiquette.

A Yankee traveler, who saw the live Hoosier, wrote as follows to his mother:

"Western people go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down East, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling his neighbor, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper!' Says he, 'Lay there, Stranger!' and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in a ditch, the worse for wear and tear."

"Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed: 'That isn't a specimen of your Western women, I should think?' Says he, 'You are afraid of fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?' 'Very much,' said I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of that disagreeable disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger.' So I knelt down and poliliely apologized."

"I admire this Western country much, but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me so, unawares."

Gasping, Dying.

We observe reluctantly the melancholy fact, that many newspapers now published in Nebraska and Western Iowa are now gasping for breath, in short dying. We sympathize with them and with them feel disposed to come down on the people who induced their establishment and then have refused or neglected their support. Newspapers cannot be published without the daily expenditure of cash—not credit—money, and Editors and proprietors are unfortunately so near human that they are obliged to wear clothes and consume food, thereby entailing personal expenses upon their journal.

It is altogether a mistaken notion that type, paper, ink, press and journeyman can be procured, worked up, worn out, and used up without the consumption of any money whatever, and the people who entertain it are generally either fools or knaves.

Good newspapers build up towns, and whenever we see a paper die out from want of support we shall know that the town is a failure and a humbug.—*Nebraska City News.*

Anecdote.

Daniel Webster used to tell an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary to wear buck skin breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning, in the Autumn, Father Searl brought his horse down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession during the Summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders, and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small-waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit, slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and were in commotion what to do; but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the Word of the Lord is in my mouth, and the Devil is in my breeches!"

Diarrhoea.

People need not be long troubled with disorder so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the Summer or Bowel Complaint, when the certain remedy therefore is to be found on every man's dinner table in the shape of salt and vinegar. Two tea-spoonfuls of the former dissolved in half a gill of the latter, and swallowed at a draught, will in most cases effect an instant cure. The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. We are ready to give our certificate to Dr. Pickle, in the premises, for we witnessed the proof. *Quod erat demonstrandum*; which is so much as to say, in Dutch, 'it has been tried.' The recipe should be published annually—every summer.

CHARACTER.—The only personal property which every body looks after for you.

At the end of life we discover that we have never suffered but from our friends.

Cure for a Burn.

The French *Gazette Medicale* states that by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By laying the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly demands a trial.

There is nothing new in it, though. There is not a negro at the south who has not known all his life, that powdered charcoal mixed with a little lard is a most soothing application to a burn.—*Ex.*

A Haying Hint.

A writer in the Maine *Farmer* says it is well known by all hay-makers, that the soles of boots and shoes, in the hot, dry weather, during haying, become smooth as glass, and fully as uncertain for a foot hold, as well as dangerous of the top of a load or in ascending or descending the mows. Now, to remedy this evil, I take the soles from a pair of cast-off rubber shoes, and tack them to the bottoms of my boots. Since this has been my practice, I have at all times known where to find my feet when I put them down.—*Ex.*

A Remedy for Ague.

As this is the season when many are troubled with the ague and fever, perhaps our readers would like to know a sure cure. Put a tablespoonful of grated wild turnip into two table-spoonfuls of brandy, sweeten and take just before the fit comes on. Try it a few times and you will have no more ague. So says the *Rural New Yorker*.

St. Louis Official.

J. R. Barrett 7057
F. P. Blair 6631
S. M. Breckenridge . . . 5668

Total 19,356

Barrett's majority over Blair, 426.

LOOK TO THE SENATE.—The Albany *Evening Journal* argues that there is reason for well-grounded hope of an anti-administration majority in the United States Senate by 1860. The Republicans have now twenty out of the sixty-four members, with one elected for Rhode Island and one for Iowa, in place of the present Democratic incumbents whose terms will shortly expire.

TOM CORWIN AGAIN A POLITICIAN.—Late Cincinnati papers say that the Hon. Thomas Corwin has consented to allow his name to go before the Republican Congressional Convention of the 7th District, which meets at Morrow on the 16th of August. His willingness thus expressed to return to public life, is hailed with much gratification by his admirers.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE IS SAID TO be preparing a history of the Mexican war. A contemporary expresses the hope that in this case the pen will prove "mightier than the sword."

THE GERMANS IN THE principal Eastern cities are holding festivals in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument to Baron Steuben, the tactician of the Revolutionary army.

DR. NETTLETON adopted the following as a maxim for the government of his life: "Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise as possible."

A Western editor having published a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper in the same village, upbraided him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

THE MISSOURI *Republican*, published at St. Louis, employs one hundred and seventy-five workmen, and the weekly expenses of the office are \$4,000.

The papers mention the death, at Biarritz, France, on the 2d of July, of Mr. Bushnell, recently married to Miss Catharine Hays.

Hon. John Sherman has been unanimously nominated to Congress by the Republicans of the 18th District in Ohio.

J. F. Farnsworth has received the Republican nomination of the Second Congressional District of Illinois.

Charles Stants, a pauper in the poor house of Franklin county, Ohio, has fallen heir to \$100,000.